The Raznikov razzle-dazzle, Pacific Sun 5/1-7/75 did not soar my bloodpressure. I waited until I was tired enough to read it, helped by the promise of breakfast and the distraction of awaiting something that might be news on the a/m. TV. I found myself chuckling from time to time. And wondering. I guess he could be called The Unrealist. Or in terms of the evidence, a word he takes seriously, Secret Agent 399. He is a man of no little generosity: having drafted this newest masterpiece with improvisations on the work of others and not copyrighting it he concludes with appropriate magnanity by waiving all copyright rights. This, I take it, is the real Raznikov...I continue to be amazed that such stuff can be printed. I mean anywhere.... There was a time when such things did disturb me. But today there is rarely anything else. (Besides, I've just come through a period of having to take short breaths.)...He is uncontaminated: hasn't gotten any of my books from me, including the one he can t even cite by title and can't describe. Nor has his piece led to a single order or inquiry...One of the best parts is his new math, which means counting Conally's wounds to three or five and coming up with four. (No, I'm not calling hin The Great Compromiser.)...I wish I could rmember that other and first of the great copyright waivers who had Hunt running the organization he quit rather than have anything to do with. Guess I'm just getting old when I can't remember this kind of basic evidence...But I now realize that I was aging errlier than I recognized because I didnt realize that the other people in 544 Camp were not there at all, even those interviewed and recorded; and because I just did not recognize that the Banister office was the main CIA base in New Orleans. Gad the time I wasted there! Just goes to show....HW 5/15/75